

THE HOME JOURNAL.

VOL. XI.

WINCHESTER, TENN., FEBRUARY 22, 1872.

NO. 1.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

828 convicts in the Virginia penitentiary, of whom 672 are negroes. 299,000 immigrants arrived at New York in 1871—an increase over 1870 of 17,000.

Statistics show that 90,000 emigrants left Germany last year, nearly all for the United States.

N. Matson & Co., jewelers, Chicago, claim to carry a stock worth about half a million dollars.

The United States has 75,000 miles of telegraph lines; about equal to the number of miles in England, France and Russia combined.

It has been estimated that the freight transported by the railways of the country last year amounted in value to over twelve billion of dollars.

Advertising receipts of the New York Herald are represented at \$2,500 to \$5,000 a day, according to the changes in the busy season of the year.

The London Lancet thinks that during the coming Spring, or early in the Summer, cholera will reappear in Western Europe.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg announces the issue of an imperial decree subjecting all male citizens of Russia to military service.

The customs treaty recently negotiated at Frankfurt by the representatives of Germany and France has been ratified by both countries.

A four-pound cannon ball was recently found in a lump of coal taken from a depth of 150 feet below the surface of the earth, at the Aendia coal mine, Macan, N. S.

There are signs of a breaking up in the ranks of the Republicans in France. The Democracy of Gambetta is too mild to suit the extreme tendencies of the day.

Eight hundred sewing machines, worth \$80 a piece, have been furnished to sewing girls at \$10 by the Relief Society of Chicago, the sewing machine company furnishing them at a very low figure, the society giving a portion outright.

More miles of railroad were constructed in this country last year than in any previous year, being a total of 6,983. The number of miles of railroads now in operation in the United States is 60,382.

The news from Mexico is conflicting, both sides claiming advantages; but there is no doubt that the revolution is making progress, and that the cause of Juarez looks rather more dubious than at our last writing.

They tell of the Grand Duke that when his train stopped at Bloomington, Illinois, he appeared upon the back platform, and a strong-minded woman at once began to "interview" him upon female suffrage. The Duke beat a hasty retreat into the car, and remained there until the train left the depot.

An interesting literary relic is announced to be for sale among the MS collection of the late Sir Charles Young, Garter King at Arms. It is Oliver Goldsmith's "Political View of the Present War with America upon Great Britain, France, Prussia, Germany, and Holland"—an original autograph manuscript, 40 pages folio, believed to be unpublished.

The French Minister of Marine has ordered that fencing shall be taught on board all the ships of the Republic. Admiral Potin has recently ordered experiments to be made at Cherbourg and Vincennes with new steel breech-loaders, and the report sent in to the Admiralty speaks highly of these pieces, which are effective at a distance of five hundred yards.

West of the Mississippi river the United States still own 943,472,563 acres, distributed as follows: Iowa, Missouri and Arkansas, 16,000,000; Dakota and Wyoming, 145,295,984; Montana, 96,904,605; Kansas, 49,148,076; Nebraska, 52,523,637; Colorado and Idaho, 117,800,000; New Mexico and Utah, 224,140,000; Nevada and Arizona, 136,000,000; Minnesota, 36,776,170; Indian Territory 155,000.

Until the time of William the Conqueror the English people began their year on the 25th of December. That great ruler having been crowned on the 1st of January the people began their year at that time, to make it agree with what they then considered the most remarkable period of their history.

THE CALABAR BEAN, one of the Paris journals asserts, has been found to be an antidote to strychnia. The latter destroys by spasmodic contraction; the former, when taken alone, paralyzes, and consequently neutralizes the action of strychnia if given after that poison. The Calabar bean is the ordeal bean used by the negroes of western Africa in determining the guilt or innocence of accused individuals, a test the effect of which is to immensely swell the lists, as it almost invariably proves fatal, the individual only escaping when vomiting is produced—a rare occurrence. The most interesting effect of the Calabar bean is that of contracting the pupil of the eye, whereby distant objects are apparently magnified and seen nearer, and it is now considerably increasing the power of accommodating the eye to distances.—Scientific American.

WAITING.

She had gazed from the window long. Down the dim and crowded street. She had listened with ear down bent. To the tread of the passing feet.

She had watched the last flash die out. From the cold, gray, wintry sky. And the first pale star looked sadly down. And her eyes with tears grew dim.

Like a flash in the street below. The lamp-lighter sped along. And solemnly, faint and low. Came the notes of an old street song.

They were singing a well-known lay. She had often sang to him. Long ago, in the country home. And her eyes with tears grew dim.

But she turned from the window away. And glanced round the home-like room. "Tears, tears must not greet him, oh foolish heart. I know that he soon will come."

And so, woman-like, with a half-breathed sigh. She shuts out the dreary night. Draws close the curtains and tends the fire. Till the little room glows with light.

She is kneeling before the hearth. Little while with an anxious face. For the weary thoughts come back again. And the late-time wears away.

And the fire-light gleams on the soft brown hair. And kisses the rounded cheek. Deep thoughts are thronging the woman's heart. That a woman's lips fear to speak.

"I love him, I love him," she whispers low; "He is all the world to me; But ah! husband mine, thou must never know. How this frail heart worships thee."

"Yet I often think, when I'm waiting here. Watching and waiting alone. What if the world stole away his heart. Which is now my own—my own?"

"For what am I but a simple girl. With only my love to give? And yet he tells me I am more dear Than thou art, and that he will give."

"But when, as to-night, he is late—so late—My heart sinks both faint and low; But all these fancies, my best beloved, Thou must never, ah, never, know."

Little she dreams of the loving eyes That are watching her from the door. And how deep down in her husband's heart The love grows more and more.

Till, as he watches her kneeling there. She seems, to his fancy quaint. Like the guardian angel of his home; A woman, and yet—a saint!

Saint and angel she is to him. Fond, loving woman beside; More fair and dear than the tried wife Than the bride who was his bride.

"What, Nelly! missing?" A hand is laid On the fair and down-bent brow. And stands beside her the watched-for one; Ah! where are her thoughts now?

All vanished and fled at the well-known voice. At the clasp of the fond embrace; And the fire-light falls on no fairer sight Than the young wife's happy face!

GOLDEN WORDS.

Infidelity, like death, admits of no degrees.—[Madame de Girardin.]

Worship your heroes from afar; contact withers them.—[Madame Necker.]

Manners are like the happy ways of doing things.—[Emerson.]

Every one is as God made him, and sometimes a great deal worse.—[Sancho Panza.]

The more a man denies himself the more he shall obtain from God.—[Horace.]

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.—[Thomas Fuller.]

No sooner is a temple built to God, but the devil builds a chapel hard by.—[George Herbert.]

He who would write heroic poems, should make his whole life an heroic poem.—[Milton.]

We go to the grave of a friend, saying, "A man is dead;" but angels throng about him, saying, "A man is born."

I will listen to any one's convictions, but pray keep your doubts to yourself. I have plenty of my own.—[Goethe.]

Quotation, sir, is a good thing; there is a community of mind in it; classical quotation is the parole of literary men all over the world.—[Samuel Johnson.]

There are many shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none more useful than discretion.—[Addison.]

Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe; it is a seed grain that cannot die.—[Carlyle.]

The soul is cured of its maladies by certain incantations; these incantations are beautiful reasons, from which temperance is generated in souls.—[Socrates.]

Temperance and labor are the two best physicians of man; labor sharpens the appetite, and temperance prevents him from indulging in excess.—[Rousseau.]

If you would be well with a great mind, leave him with a favorable opinion of you; if with a little mind, leave him with a favorable opinion of himself.—[Coleridge.]

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—[Addison.]

Without literary history the history of the world seemeth to be as the statue of Polyphemus with his eye out; that part being wanting which doth most show the spirit and life of the person.—[Lord Bacon.]

It is said of Commodore Farragut, who was listening while his secretary read a letter from the Navy Department, thanking him for the grand service he had rendered for his country by the capture of Mobile, and telling him that his name would go down to future generations—"Stop, sir; skip all that!" roared the commodore; "Go on, and find out what they want us to do next!"

SITTING UP WITH A CORPSE.

A Real Ghost Story.

It is not worth while to tell me that the spirits of the dead never walk this earth, to be seen by mortal eyes, after they have taken leave of their clayey tenements—I know better. Robert Dale Owen may write in favor of dead men coming back to visit the scenes of their mortal toils, and a thousand others may write against it; it is all one to me. I shall have my own opinion, until I try to come back myself and can't, and it is proved to me, by the best authority of the spirit world, that no one else can. You will say, I make no doubt, as my friends have always done, that my fears alarmed me, and that my excited imagination caused me to fancy I saw the person of my old friend, Dr. Fenton Atwick, and heard his voice speaking to me, when I knew he was a crushed and mangled corpse, or you will conclude that I must have been asleep. You will be equally mistaken in either hypothesis. In the first place, I was not a timid man. I never had been afraid of anything in earth, air or sea. I had walked through lone burying-grounds, and by old churches, hundreds of times, in the dead of night, and no "Tam O'Shanter" visions had ever yet caused me to quicken my pace. I had been all my life a sturdy, hard-working person. No sick, pining fancies had haunted me through long, weary days of idleness. Working for twelve hours on a stretch, until you are weary to death, and sleeping for ten, is not conducive to romancing, nor did I wish it to be. I had no thought of writing novels, or even "ghost stories," in those days. I was a plodding chancery lawyer, never venturing to make a speech, but drudging as I have said for the clothes I wore and the food by which life was kept in my body. Dr. Fenton Atwick had moved to Dabrytown ten years before. It was well he had an annuity to fall back upon, for there was no need of his diploma, or of any science here. He had had a case or so of "ague and fever," and sometimes in the autumn a few chills—nothing more. Strange that Dr. Atwick's should have been the first death! Alas, poor physician! thou wast "unable to heal thyself!" Our salubrious climate and bracing mountain air might baffle every effort of miasm to find a victim amongst us. But accident—the creature of fate—how unforeseen! how impossible to guard against its treacherous dealings! The veriest invalid on earth was safer from than that hale, hearty Fenton Atwick.

I don't know how I got into a sort of reverie one evening—thinking of our lives and the popular idea that we all have a "mission" to perform. I wasn't given to such things. I should as soon have thought of joining an opera troupe—having no more idea of music than a steam-engine—as turning metaphysician. But there I sat looking out of my window on the giant mountains, ablaze with the golden aureoles of the setting sun, with my pen behind my ear and a ponderous volume of Coke all unheeded before me, asking myself over and over again, of what avail my life had been to myself or others, and whether it was tending, until the light died from the western sky, and the shadows of night, or of death, crept darker and darker into the room. "Pshaw," I exclaimed; "I am as visionary as a child emerging from, or an old man going into, the realms of the unknown. Very soon we, too, will be dust as our ancestors are—perhaps a part of that which the young man, galloping madly by but a few moments ago, sent curling into my window here, over my books and into my very nostrils. And then our children (not mine, of course, as I am a bachelor, but other people's) will look out of this very window, as I am doing now, and wonder what they were made for, and whether they are tending. And they will find themselves—in the dark, as I am."

I struck myself a sharp blow on the forehead, as if by this means I should effectually floor the goblin thoughts that were bewitching me; and drawing a parlor match across the green serge that covered my table, lit my lamp and reopened my book. But strange to say I could not collect my thoughts.

"I am tempted," I muttered, "to go for Atwick and Fleet and Jones, and have a rubber at whist, for it seems I am determined to be at cross purposes with time this evening." I sprang up out of my chair as I concluded, for a heavy "thud," like the falling of a human body, struck distinctly on my ear. I glanced hastily around the room, and as nothing was disturbed, listened for a repetition of the sound from without; but the silence was profound, and I took up my book and again. A moment more and I heard some one walking rapidly down the street. "It is some visitor to me I hope." But no; the footsteps passed on. Then there came the sound of running feet—one, two, three separate persons going by. Then there was a hasty tread on my own steps and some one came up. I turned quickly as the door was pushed open.

"Ah, Fleet, it is you! I am glad to see you. Come in." He did come in, and then I saw, by the lamp-light, that there was a ghastly look upon him frightful to behold. "Come Jerry," he said, while his teeth chattered. "I have been sent to fetch you. A fearful accident has just happened. Dr. Atwick—" "What?" I asked, while a shudder I thought to be mortal ran through and through me. "Is already dead, and as I have already said, by an accident as horrible as it was unforeseen. Jones was with him in his office, and they had risen to come up here, when Atwick, extinguishing his lamp, and turning suddenly, stepped out of the window instead of the door, and fell upon the rocks below. He was a dead man when Jones got down to him."

"My God, how horrible!" I was at the scene of the catastrophe in a few moments. And there, laid out already with the grim formalities of death, I gazed upon the dead body of my friend Atwick—whom I had beheld but a few hours before in the perfection of health—a mangled, bloody corpse, lying still on the pavement, with a crowd of people, like ghostly statues in the twilight, gathered around it. Some of the men had already constructed a litter. I was requested, as I knew Mrs. Atwick, perhaps better than any one in the village, to hasten on before and break the hideous truth to her as gently as I could. I shrank back appalled. Demurring and fearful, I should positively have declined this painful duty of friendship, but for the temporary absence of our rector and the necessity of speedy action in some one. The statement of a great writer that there is something not altogether unpleasant to us in the misfortunes of our dearest friends, is a rank lie upon even modern human nature. I should not have been more distressed if Mary Atwick, the woman to whom I was going on such an errand, had been my own sister. And yet my acquaintance with her was very slight. She was anything but a popular woman; she had mingled but little with the people of the village and had thus remained without friends, while Atwick himself had been a universal favorite. I had visited his house on more social terms than any one else, I believe, and though I had never found her varying from a cold and haughty reserve, I had every reason to believe that Atwick was devotedly attached to her and his children. If, however, I had known it to be otherwise—if they had been to each other objects of indifference, or sometimes even of aversion, should I not still have hesitated to break the quiet of a household with tidings of such a death to one of its members? Yet, I was so stricken with a dumb sort of amazement, that I had realized nothing of my position, and had not a thought of what I was to say, even when I found my hand upon the gate of the yard-enclosure. All at once, however, a sense of what I had come to do struck terror to my soul, and the same shudder I had experienced in my office thrice let me from head to foot. There were no lights about the house as I went up the gravel walk. But I thought some one had come on the same errand, as I saw the figure of a man going up the steps before me. I paused an instant on the threshold of the portico, waiting for the figure, with its back towards me, to lift the knocker to strike for admission, when the door flew open with a sound, and the person entering revealed to me, my God—the blood-stained features of Fenton Atwick himself!

"How, how," I cried, "have you recovered sufficiently to get here before me, and alone?" It moved toward the door of an inner room, beckoning to me with its mutilated, bloody hand. And a voice that I should have known, without the words, belonged to no living mortal, said slowly: "I am here in the spirit before you, Jerry; my body follows on apace. Over it I have no further control; but 'thou dost, do quickly,' or poor Mary's heart will be broken."

I was still looking when the figure vanished, as I knew it would, and was again alone in the moonlight. Wondering, amazed, everything but frightened, I paused a moment in dumfounded bewilderment. There was no stronger emotion in heart or mind than bitter, bitter sorrow for the woman upstairs, as I stepped back and gave a long, loud rap upon the door. A servant came to light the lamp in the hall, and admitted me. Mrs. Atwick came in a moment. Her face was whiter than the gown she wore as she looked at me. "I was at my window upstairs when I saw you come in at the gate, with Dr. Atwick beside you. Tell me where he has gone."

I tried to speak to her, but I could not. My lips were still sealed when, all at once, she went down on her knees crying out that he was dead. She asked no confirmation from me of the horrible truth that had come upon her. I never saw any creature go on as she did in my life, and I hope in God's mercy that I never may. When I spoke to her at last, she railed out at me "to begone and leave her alone, for I had murdered him!" I think her mind had entirely lost its balance. I knocked at the door of the next house and bade the woman go to her, for I could do nothing. They had taken her up

stairs, when the heavy tramp of the men with the litter was heard without.

"He has shown no symptoms of returning consciousness, I suppose?" I said to Fleet.

"Consciousness! I should think not, when he was dead even before Jones had lifted him from the earth."

When the body was laid out—in spite of the horror that came over me by its presence—I looked at it. I knew that he was dead; as dead as you or I will be when we have slept beneath the sod a thousand years. And yet, I could not divest myself of the idea that there was a latent expression of consciousness about the face. I saw it through the congealed blood upon his temple—even after I had touched his brow with my fingers, and found it colder than the marble slab upon the table close at hand. No wonder they should tell me I was white and sick! Men have been as pale with far less cause.

They sent me home with a young fellow named Compton. He and I, and some others, were to sit up the next night. I had not slept one wink when the day dawned again; but I was glad to walk about beneath the light of the sun, and be able to talk of that fearful accident with my fellow-townsmen, though in so strange and subdued a voice. When the evening came, I went back to the widowed house again. The horror of the thing seemed as fresh upon them all as on the evening before; and strong men sat in the shadow of this great calamity, with eyes on which the mist had gathered over and anon, and talked—if at all—in hushed whispers to each other.

It was the old-fashioned way, and we were sitting in the room with the corpse. It was considerably past midnight when I took a book from the little table, on which a pot of coffee had been placed, and began to read. Soon after this three of the men proposed a walk; but as Charley Fleet and Compton were to remain, I said nothing. I was still reading, as wide awake and as free from fear as I ever was in my life, when the same shudder I have spoken of twice before ran over me from head to foot, and froze the blood in my veins. The book dropped from my hands. I looked up and saw Fleet and Compton both asleep in their chairs. I strove to call them, but my tongue refused to utter a sound. And again the voice I had heard upon the portico came to me in low but distinct tones: "Hurry to the dispensary or it will be too late; Mary is there. My spirit can no longer strive with her; it is departing from earth." I turned my head, with a fearful sort of attraction, toward the body. The sheet was turned down and the face exposed to view. The ghastliness of death was still there, but the face looked at me.

"My God, Compton, look, look at that!" He sprang to his feet in an instant. "How did it happen? Where are they all? His wife must have been here while we were dozing." I knew that I had never been further from sleep; but his voice reassured me, though he said he had heard nothing, and I rose hastily. "Quick to the dispensary!" He followed me in amazement to the little room in the rear of the house where Fenton Atwick had kept a supply of medicines, which he often distributed gratis to the hands of a factory, five miles down the river. I hastily pushed the door open and beheld Mrs. Atwick standing by a desk.

As I sprang forward she fell, face downward, on the floor. We lifted her to a sofa, but she was dead. A phial of prussic acid was open on the desk.

Curiosities of Animal Life.

"There can be no doubt," writes Mr. Darwin, "that dogs feel shame as distinct from fear, and something very like modesty, when begging too often for food. A great dog scorns the snarling of a little dog, and this may be called magnanimity. Several observations have stated that monkeys certainly disliked being laughed at, and they sometimes invent imaginary offences. In the Zoological Gardens I saw a baboon that always got into a furious rage when its keeper took out a letter or book and read it aloud to him, and his rage was so violent that, as I witnessed on one occasion, he bit his own leg until the blood flowed."

All animals feel wonder, and many exhibit curiosity, the latter quality affording opportunity for hunters, in many parts of the world, to decoy the game into their power. The faculty of imitation, so strongly developed in man, especially in a barbarous state, is present in monkeys. A certain bull terrier of our acquaintance, when he wishes to go out of the door, jumps at the handle of the door and grasps it with his paws, although he cannot himself turn the handle. Parrots also reproduce with wonderful fidelity the tones of different speakers, and puppies reared by cats have been known to lick their feet and wash their faces after the manner of their foster-mothers. Attention and memory also are present in the lower animals, and it is impossible to deny that the dreams of dogs and horses

show the presence of emagination or that a certain sort of reason is also present. Animals also profit by experience as many men realize who sets traps. The young are much more easily caught than the old, and the adults can caution by seeing the fate of those which are caught. Tools also are used by some of higher apes. The chimpanzee uses a stone to crack a nut resembling a walnut, and the Abyssinian baboons fight troops of another species, and roll down stones in the attack before they finally close in a hand-to-hand encounter. The idea of property is common also to every dog with a bone, to all birds with their nests, and in the case of rooks. Nor can a certain kind of language be denied to the brutes. The dog communicates his feelings by barks by different tones, which undoubtedly raise in his fellow-dogs ideas similar to those passing in his own mind.—*Edinburgh Review*.

True Heroism.

A Victory Gained Over Passion. The following anecdote, extracted from unpublished memoirs of a French nobleman, may, it is hoped, serve as an example, well worthy of being imitated by all who desire to be thought truly brave and courageous. It records an instance of a victory gained by a man over his own passions—victory more glorious, more honorable than any that has ever been purchased with fire and sword, with devastation and bloodshed.

Two noblemen, the Marquis de Valaise and the Comte de Morie, were educated under the same masters, and were regarded by all who knew them as patterns of friendship, honor, and sensibility. Years succeeded years, and no quarrel had disgraced their attachment, when one unfortunate evening the two friends, having indulged freely in some excellent Burgundy, repaired to a neighboring hotel and engaged in a game of backgammon. Fortune declared herself in favor of the Marquis; he won every game, and in the thoughtless glow of the moment he laughed with exultation at his unusual good luck. The Comte, lost his temper, and once or twice upbraided the Marquis for enjoying the pain which he had excited in the bosom of his friend. At last, upon another fortunate throw made by the Marquis, by which he gammoned his antagonist, the infuriated Comte threw the box and dice in the face of his brother soldier.

Every gentleman present was in amazement, and waited, almost breathless, for the moment when the Marquis would sheath his sword in the bosom of the now repentant Comte. "Gentlemen," said the Marquis, "I am a Frenchman, a soldier and a friend. I have received a blow from a Frenchman, a soldier and a friend. I know and acknowledge the laws of honor, and will obey them. Every man who sees me wonders why I am tardy in visiting with vengeance the author of my disgrace. But, gentlemen, the heart of that man is entwined with my own; our education was the same; our principles are alike, and our friendship dates from our earliest years. But, gentlemen, I will obey the laws of honor and of France. I will stab him to the heart."

Upon this he threw his arms around his unhappy friend and said: "My dear de Morie, I forgive you, if you will forgive me for the irritation I have occasioned in a sensitive mind by the levity of my own. And now, gentlemen," added the Marquis, "though I have interpreted the laws of honor in my own way, if there remains in this room one Frenchman who dares to doubt my resolution to resent even an improper smile at me, my sword is by my side to punish an affront, but not to murder a friend for whom I would die, and who sits there a monument of contrition and bravery, ready with me to challenge the rest of the room to deadly combat if any man dares to think amiss of this transaction."

BLANKET FOR HORSE.—At this season of the year, when we have many cold, windy days, horses, when left standing in our streets for any length of time, should have some sort of covering thrown over them to keep them warm and comfortable and prevent them from becoming chilled. Careful drivers will always do this, and in passing through our streets it is very gratifying to notice so many horses kindly cared for in this respect, indicating the pleasant sympathy and interest of the owner in the welfare of his beast. There are those, however, who possess so little sympathy and care for their animals that they never think of protecting them against cold, even when sweaty from hard driving or overwork. Such people ought never to have the charge of a horse; but as this cannot always be regulated, they should be compelled in some way to take proper care of them.—[Haverhill Publisher.]

Among the other changes in the Canon, made at the late Episcopal Convention, a new Diocese may be formed with six presbyters who have been canonically residing for one year, and six parishes, providing that no existing Diocese shall be so reduced as to contain less than twelve parishes and twelve presbyters.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Bishop Ames is the wealthiest Methodist minister in the West.

In Minnesota there are 161 Baptist churches, and in Wisconsin 200.

Eight hundred additional churches are needed to furnish church accommodations for the inhabitants of London.

There are 11,000 persons in full membership with the Methodist church in Germany and Switzerland.

A recent letter-writer says that in Berlin out of a population of nearly a million only 12,000 persons attend church on a Sunday.

The Methodist mission in Sweden is prospering greatly. The last year has been one of great success. Its increase has been 17 societies, 38 appointments, 3 local preachers, and 821 members.

Nearly one-half of the entire population of Greenland are recognized members of the Lutheran Church. There are two theological seminaries of that denomination there.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of New Jersey has ordered the clergy to refuse Christian burial to those who die of the effects of liquor as well as those who sell it to drunkards.

The Synod of Arkansas appropriately points out that her contributions to the cause of Foreign Missions during the past year, were above instead of below the average contributions of the rest of the Church.

A very considerable religious awakening is reported among the Jews in some parts of Germany. They come in crowds to hear the Gospel, and listen to the message concerning Christ as the Messiah with marked attention.

The Baptist Union objects to the custom of baptizing persons backward, which was adopted for the purpose of making the rite conform to the modes of burial. The editor insists that it is not the most convenient way of administering the sacrament.

During the last fifty years there has been an increase in the number of Protestant missionaries of more than 500 per cent. Of those who had gone out from Europe and America there were in 1820 only 358; in 1870 there were 1,949, with 11,000 native preachers and assistants.

Though Irish Catholics have ruled New York City politically, their religious strength is small compared with that of the Protestants. In 1870 there were 41 Catholic churches in the city, 380 Protestant "Evangelical," and 49 divided among the Universalists, Unitarians, and Israelites.

We are informed says the *World*, that one of the most distinguished Unitarian clergymen of New York is about to abandon that ecclesiastical connection and take refuge in the Episcopal church. This will be almost fatal to the reputation of that denomination in the part of the country.

The statistics of the Episcopal Church for the last year are as follows: Bishops, 34; clergy, 2,826; baptisms, 38,405; confirmations, 21,121; communicants, 224,905; marriages, 9,689; burials, 26,791; candidates for orders, 412; ordinations—deacons, 124; presbyters, 116; Sunday-school teachers, 24,494; scholars, 229,000; contributions, \$5,544,574.

The monk who was recently tried in London has been found guilty and sentenced to twenty years' hard labor. This is the first instance of a monk being tried by an ordinary criminal court. Henceforth in the Italian States the clergy are on the same foot before the law with other citizens. The killing was not denied, but drunkenness was pleaded in his defense.

Small-Pox—A Remedy.

The following small-pox remedy was given to the public by a correspondent of the *Stockton (Cal.) Herald*, who says:

"I herewith append a recipe which has been used to my knowledge in hundreds of cases. It will prevent or cure small-pox, though the pittings are filling. When Jenner discovered cow-pox in England, the world of science hurled an avalanche of fame upon his head, but when the most scientific schools of medicine in the world—that of Paris—published this recipe as a panacea for small-pox, it passed unheeded. It is as unfailing as fate, and conquers in every instance. It is harmless when taken by a well person. It will also cure scarlet fever. Here is the recipe as I have used it to cure my children of scarlet fever; here it is as I have used it to cure the small-pox. When learned physicians said the patient must die, it cured: Sulphate of zinc, one grain; foxglove (digitalis), one grain; half a teaspoonful of sugar; mix with two tablespoonfuls of water. When thoroughly mixed, add four ounces of water. Take a spoonful every hour. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child, smaller doses according to their age. If counties would compel physicians to use this, there would be no need of pest-houses. If you value advice and experience, use this for that terrible disease."